

The Chef and His Sacrifice.

BELLE MOSES IN NEW YORK POST.

Monsieur Alphonse sat apart and meditated; his duties for the night were over, but he had neglected to remove the insignia of his office, and appeared before his underlings still in his snowy cap and voluminous white apron, a strange forgetfulness of his dignity, at which the head butler nudged the second man, and the two housemaids giggled outright. This roused Monsieur Alphonse.

"Eh bien!" he cried; "what do I hear? Is it at me you poke fun? Broodget, Marie, taisez-vous!" He frowned and shook his head in his most dignified manner, whereas they laughed the louder.

Custom is a rigorous sovereign; had Bridget and Marie encountered this self-same cap and apron but a short hour earlier, they would have bowed down before it with due respect, for dinner was then being served, and Monsieur Alphonse was in his element; but now, when the ladies up stairs had left the dining room, and the gentlemen were sitting over their wine and cigars—oh! it was too ridiculous to see him, Monsieur Alphonse, sitting there as if the meal were just announced and he waiting to serve the soup! Even the little kitchen girl could scarcely keep her gravity, and the assistant cook bit her lips and turned her back upon the chef.

It would never do for her to show any outward signs of amusement. Monsieur Alphonse lifted his hand to his head, meaning to run his fingers through his hair, but he encountered the stiff cap, and realized the situation. "Ah!" he cried. "Now, you laugh no more. So!" and doffing his headpiece with a fine bow, he unfashioned his apron, and laid his badges of servitude carefully away; then he resumed his dignified position as head of society. "A pleasant evening above," he asked in his best English, out of compliment to James, the butler.

Well, er, yes, rather, drawled that personage, settling his tie, and flicking an imaginary speck from his spotless shirt front. "We didn't have the will and the sparkle we have had, but still we got through with credit, I should

PAPA HAD BEEN PLAYING POKER.



Bobby—Mamma, isn't papa bashful? Mamma—Why, dear? Bobby—I heard him tell uncle Fred he was considerably shy last night.

say. The king and the queen were regal, as commonly, and the hair appeared—

"Hair," corrected Monsieur Alphonse, with a shudder.

"Well, he was jovial, an' the princess—"

"Ah!" murmured Monsieur Alphonse. "The light," heaven alone knows, in compare to the looks of her," cried James, rolling his eyes and winking at the second man.

"She was lovely, as ordinary?" questioned Monsieur Alphonse, with clasped hands. "She—she was well—and happy? Did—did she eat of the sweetbread I prepared for her alone?"

"Well, as you may call it eating; she nibbled a bit and then she smiled."

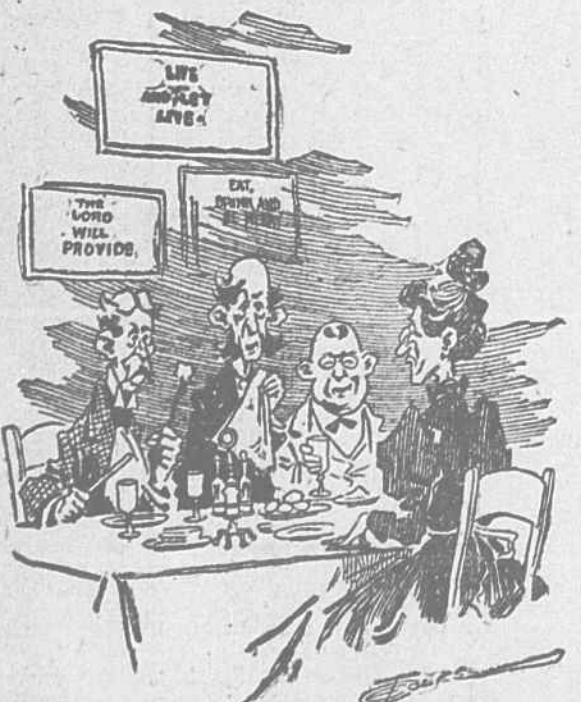
"An' said to the 'handsome young man to er right: 'Ave some of this delicious sweetbread. Monsieur Alphonse knows my taste."

Monsieur Alphonse turned abruptly from the curious gaze; this was more than he dared to hope, and he might be pardoned his emotion.

"And the young man—what of him?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

"E took 'er of that sweetbread, if you must know, I never see the like for appetite; he went straight through the courses without hitching; he says that 'e's done likewise with 'is money, and the king looks pretty grumpy, for the chap's makin' eyes at 'is princess. Ask George if 'e didn't see 'im take 'is button bokay, and pass it to 'er under

BOARDING HOUSE GOSSIP.



Mrs. Hamand—Yes, Mr. Slowcash, my mot' is "Pay As You Go." Mr. Slowcash—And so is mine, but I haven't got yet.



A CHICAGO CONVERSATION.

"Did you send Dick a telegram of congratulation on the day of his marriage?"

"No. One of condolence. He married my first wife."

her to church, and marked with satisfaction, at the close of the service, that as the congregation streamed out, a handsome young fellow stepped into a vacant pew and waited for the princess, who came slowly down the aisle; she beamed upon him as she drew near, and he fell into step beside her. Monsieur Alphonse unostentatiously bringing up the rear.

Deference of feeling kept him at a respectful distance. He caught the sound of their voices, and one or two stray sentences, but to see was enough, and the chef feasted his eyes upon the handsome couple. He was tall and athletic, carried himself superbly, and had the head of an Apollo upon his broad shoulders. She was a slip of a thing, daintily gowned, and fair and pretty, scarcely bigger than when she stole down into the kitchen, and "played party" all alone.

"They were talking very earnestly; should he hasten his steps and walk by? No, a glance would tell him nothing; there was a corner; he would quickly make a detour, by slipping round the square, and he would meet them; that would be better; and he made good his resolution, coming upon them as they sauntered homeward, too absorbed in each other to notice any one else.

"Ah! that is love!" murmured Monsieur Alphonse to himself, as he raised his hat with a courtly bow in passing.

"Who is your distinguished friend?" asked the young man curiously.

The princess did not know; she had never seen Monsieur Alphonse without his cap and apron, and she might be pardoned for her ignorance. But the chef was satisfied and began the painful direct; he was more than artist; he was sublime. He cooked the princess new dishes each day, and the slightest fluctuation in her appetite could not escape his penetration; he could tell when she was sad or worried, when she had cried or laughed, by the straws of evidence upon her plate, which he could always single out from its fellows; and alas! he noticed now that many of the courses were untouched by her, which gave him great concern.

James, naturally, vouchsafed much information, which, though unsought by Monsieur Alphonse, was nevertheless welcome in his way. "Times is gettin' squeamish upstairs," he announced one night; "ever since that there 'andsome chap come along, there ain't been no peace, and the princess looks peaked and worried; and don't eat scarcely nothing. There ain't a blessed thing agin the young feller, as I can make out, let alone 'e owes a little pile, and the old gent is leadin' 'im a life!"

"James!"

"Well, I can't 'elp 'earin' what I 'ears, can I? The two young uns was talkin' over their cigars this very night; that chap wouldn't be in such a pickle, if it wasn't for owin' right an' left; it's 'e 'as done it; 'e was rovin' 'is cats pretty wild afore 'e come across the princess; now 'e wants to jerk up, an' 'e's dead broke. Took 'is last sweepin' an' bought that there horse, Carmen, and 'e 'as 'er on 'is 'ands, because 'e wants 'is price, which I don't say as isn't right—but—"

James caught himself up—there was no use talking to the retreating back of Monsieur Alphonse, and soliloquy was not in his line.

Monsieur Alphonse passed his room that night in deep thought. It only took the butler's careless chatter to set agog his sleeping sympathy. The untouched delicacies which had come back to him after every meal had been cast as pearls before swine, upon the table in the servant's hall, where they had disappeared, to the accompaniment of sundry nudges and broad jokes, levelled at the august chef himself, who, woe-wetly smiled and let them have their fun; such matters were not worth discussion when his mind was charged with weightier things.

After a time he sat down at his desk, and began to bring forth numerous documents of legal aspect and several bank books, made out to Mr. Alphonse Dederet—for our chef had a surname, though he had little use for it, except on state occasions. But as a man of means—ah, well—that was different; there would come a day, perhaps—Monsieur Alphonse's eyes glinted, for he was master of a fortune, five figures in breadth, the clear-headed accumulation of his artistic career. The king of the iron trade paid munificently for his pipe, and the chef was by nature aesthetically saving. But now, after calm



A WATERING-PLACE COSTUME FROM HARPER'S BAZAR.

A thorough outfit for a season at a fashionable watering-place requires, in our climate to be quite elaborate, for there must be gowns for cool as well as hot days. Blue serge is a material which comes into fashion each year. Of course, there are many different weaves of it, as well as different colorings, but a blue serge gown is considered almost a necessity for every wardrobe. An original design, which we publish today, taken from Harper's Bazar, in blue serge from a maison Welle, is in the blue shade. The waist is tight-fitting at the back, blousing a little at the front. It is made with a round yoke, which extends to the sleeve on the shoulders, the yoke of white mousseline de soie laid in very narrow pleats. Around the yoke the waist is finished with three narrow folds of striped tulle silk. In mauve and white, put above a straight band of Irish gaiterie lace,

and a band of lace is put over the top of the sleeves. The waist itself fastens at the left, and is most effectively trimmed with rows of braid put on in clusters and at regular spaces. The sleeves are small, also trimmed with the rows of braid. The collar is very high, with straight, turned-over pieces, and made of the striped white and mauve tulle silk. A black satin belt makes the waist look smaller, while a bow of the striped silk fastens the belt and gives a pretty finish. At the top of the skirt there is a yoke let in of the striped silk while at the foot there is a band put on in sealings. This is very effective against the deep blue serge. The hat worn with this gown is quite different in shape from any of the fashions that have yet been brought out. It is somewhat like a toque, made of fancy straw trimmed with bunches of roses and leaves, and at the left side are large rosettes of deep blue velvet.

"There is another then, monsieur?"

"Compared with Carmen, no, she stands alone; still I wish to sell her."

"I have heard."

The color mounted to the young man's face. "I should say rather," he continued, "that I am compelled to sell her; it is the only way that I can rid myself of debt. I find myself much involved."

"So I have been informed," said Monsieur Alphonse, gravely.

"I am in no greater straits than most men in my position. I have simply lived carelessly from year to year, and so outrun my income; now I wish to clear myself, and—well—Carmen is the sacrifice."

"It is Carmen I have come to buy," said his visitor, and there was a slight, uncomfortable pause.

"You are undertaking a serious matter, sir. Are you a judge of horse-flesh?"

Monsieur Alphonse passed his hand carefully over his moustache to hide a smile. "It does not come within the range of my profession, still I may say I know a good horse. I have seen yours. I will now make you an offer. She will be a sacrifice at twenty thousand dollars; I cannot pay more."

The princess' handsome lover stared at him in amazement; but still he hesitated, while Monsieur Alphonse impatiently repeated his offer.

"You are most liberal," he said, at length, "and I do not doubt your honesty of purpose, but you will readily understand that such a transaction, involving, as it does, a large amount of money, requires mutual confidence. You seem to know me and my affairs pretty thoroughly. I know nothing concerning you, save that you are a foreigner, a Francophile, I believe."

Monsieur Alphonse bowed.

"And things would not be regular, you perceive, without an introduction."

"So! Well, monsieur, that might arrange itself; my bankers, for example! Would their good word suffice, think you?"

"It would depend upon the bankers' standing."

"Ah, you have a head for business. My bankers are well known," and he mentioned the name of a prominent firm. "See, I will take you there, and transfer from my account to yours the amount I wish to pay for the horse; sufficient that they know me, and would be willing to oblige, n'est ce pas?"

"Oh, yes, they are thoroughly reliable."

"Then we will go now. If convenient to you," said Monsieur Alphonse, anxious to have the matter settled.

So the deed was done, the bargain sealed, and the happy young fellow shook hands heartily with the new owner of Carmen. "You will come, luncheon and lunch with me," he said, eagerly, as they came out of the bank.

Monsieur Alphonse consulted his watch and shook his head. "No, merci; I have an engagement at that hour."

"Then come another day, perhaps?"

"No, monsieur. I have already trespassed upon your kindness in refusing to tell my name. I will impose no further. I hope our little transaction will be a fortunate one for you. I wish you good morning," and somewhat afraid to trust himself further Monsieur Alphonse took his leave, and hurried homeward.

The luncheon that day was unsurpassable; the very soul of the chef breathed through the repast, and the princess' plates bore witness to such dainty demolishing as to gladden the heart.

"Er! 'ighness is happy this day," observed James, as he settled himself by the fire after the last course. "Such a pile of flowers as come awhile back, and a note. 'I'll lay it was from 'im. She don't smile that way for nothin'!"

"Ah!" thought Monsieur Alphonse; "it works well and quickly. We shall soon hear more."

And so he did. A few nights afterwards James tumbled into the cuisine, between courses, a most astonishing proceeding, and the butler seemed out of his head with excitement.

"I—I couldn't hold it," he panted to his wondering audience. "I tipped the wink to George and he—"

"And some chap is there, 'im as is bea-utiful the princess; uncommon smart 'e is. Would you believe 'e's sold that quiet-like with the news, and it knock-ed the old man flat; says 'e, 'I haven't a debt in the world now—an' 'e looks at the princess—my!' and James whose sentiment was as effervescent as champagne, clasped his hands, and signed with rapture.

Those were busy days for Monsieur Alphonse, for as the hearts upstairs expanded in the spring sunshine of love and happiness the board grew more festive, and the cuisine had to augment its force in order to attain that degree of perfection necessary to carry out the chef's original ideas. And yet, after all, this magnificence was but a rehearsal of the wedding feast; for it came to that in the end, and Monsieur Alphonse, having carte blanche, excelled even himself in his highest flights. His offering to the bride on this occasion was born in state by James, and set before her delighted eyes. It was a great, transparent snowball, made of some strange confection which resembled glass; increased in this was a bunch of royal violets, as fresh and blooming as if that had been their native soil. How they found their way there was Monsieur Alphonse's secret, which, in deference to his noble art, we dare not probe. No more are we at liberty to guess who sent that exquisite bit of bronze sculpture to the bridegroom; but the accompanying note tells its own story, and may, perhaps, be of some interest:

"Monsieur! I have had the good fortune to reap a valuable profit in disposing of my horse, Carmen; and as I am one who does not speculate, I desire only to reimburse myself. The surplus I have put into a token for your guest, and your charming bride; and what more fitting than an effigy of the horse which played so important a part in the happy romance?"

That, too, is Monsieur Alphonse's secret.

Getting a Drink at 2 a. m.

(Time 2 a. m.)

Life: "Ma, I want a drink!"

"Hush, darling; turn over and go to sleep."

"I want a drink!"

"No, you are restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

(After five minutes)—"Ma, I want a drink!"

"Do still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink!"

"No, you don't want a drink; you had a drink just before you went to bed. Now, be still, and go right to sleep."

"I do, too, want a drink!"

"Don't let me speak to you again, child; go to sleep."

(After five minutes)—"Ma, won't you please give me a drink?"

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you. Now go to sleep. You are a naughty girl."

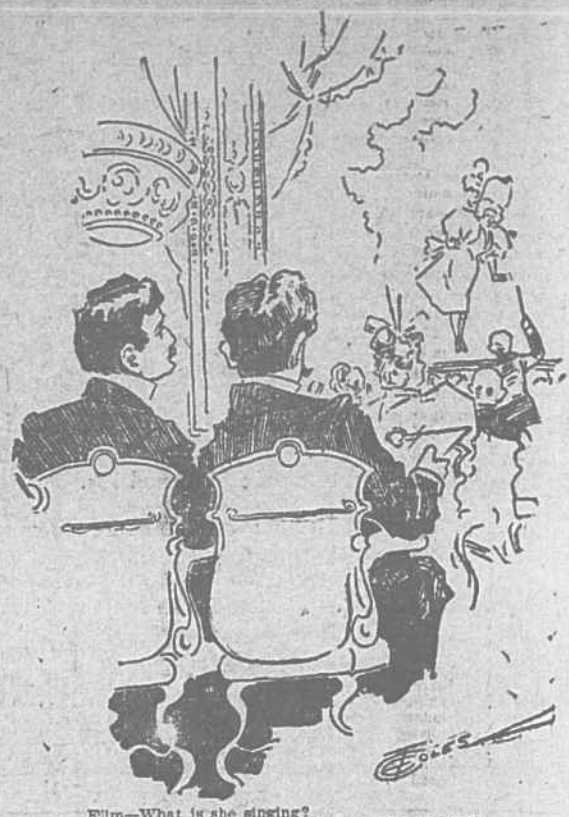
(After two minutes)—"Ma, when you get up to speak me will you give me a drink?"

THE TRUTH ABOUT ROOSEVELT.

A Madrid paper informs its readers that the commander-in-chief of the American army is one Ted Roosevelt, formerly a New York policeman, who was "born near Harlem," "emigrated to America when young," was educated at "Harvard Academy, a commercial school" (there being "no universities or colleges in America"), and that his "body-guard" is fittingly termed "rough riders."—Argonaut.

A WHEELMAN'S tool bag isn't complete without a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Ointment. His specialty is painting towers.

FAR, FAR AWAY.



Film—What is she singing?

Fiam—Where is my Wandering Boy To-Night?

Fiam—I don't know, but I wish I was with him.

THE LATTER PREFERRED.

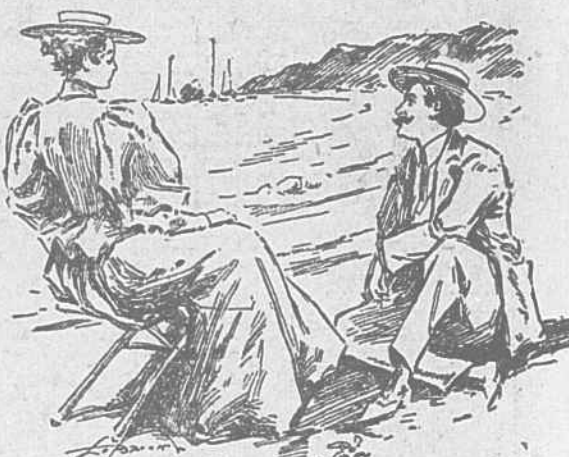


Mrs. Husher—Mary, I want you to go for the doctor at once. Mr. Husher is in a very bad shape.

Mary—What's the matter with him. Got the horrors?

Mrs. Husher—Yes. If you can't find a doctor, bring along a snake charmer.

THE GREATEST.



Tellie—What is the greatest curiosity in the world?

Willie—Woman's.

BOARDING HOUSE CHAT.



Maude—Cur landlady, like the rest of us, has her weak, as well as her strong points.

Clara—Yes, her coffee and butter, for instance.

RED!!



"He must be a poor portrait painter. He can't even draw his salary."

"He's a landscape painter. His specialty is painting towers."